Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more,
Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods,
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Aron. Pray to the deuils, the Gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Demet. VVhy do the Emperours trumpets flourish
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne. (thus.
Demetrius. Soft who comes here.

Enter Nurse with a blacka moore childe.

(the Moore.

Nurse. God morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron*
Aron. VVell, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now.
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron* we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. VVhy what a caterwalling dost thou keepe,
what dost thou wrap and fumble in thy armes?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame and stately Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords she is deliuered.
Aron. To whome.
Nur. I meane she is brought a bed.
Aron. VVell god giue her good rest, what hath he sent (her?
Nurse. A diuel.
A. VVhy then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,
N. A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
A. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweete blowse you are a beautious blossome sure.
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
A. That which thou canst not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron

Aron. Villaine I h
Deme. And therein
VVoe to her chaunce,
Accurst the offspring
Chi. It shall not liue
Aron It shall not
Nurse. *Aron* it n
Aron. VVhat m
Doe execution on my
Demet. Ile broach t
Nurse giue it me, my
Aron. Sooner this
Stay murtherous vill
Now by the burning
That shone so brightly
He dies vpon my Sem
That touches this my
I tell you yonglings, n
VVith all his threatnin
Nor great *Alcides*, n
Shall ceaze this pray o
VVhat, what, yee sang
Yee whitelimde wall
Cole-blacke is better
In that it scornes to be
For all the water in th
Can neuer turne the s
Although shee laue th
Tell the Empresse from
To keepe mine owne, e
Demetrius. VVilt t
Aron. My Mistris is
The vigour, and the pi
This before all the wo
This mauger all the wo